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The Institute

by [AshesSmashes13](#)

Summary

Stories of five patients in a mental institution, where things aren't always what they seem. Especially when patients start getting murdered left and right. Trigger warning for mentions of eating disorders and self harm.

Notes

This piece can also be found on Fanfiction.net under my other user name.

The Institute

The Institute is a place of healing. We take those who need help and give them what they need. Whether it be one-on-one care or one-on-three care, we will help our patients overcome their obstacles whether that be addiction or mental health issues. We have skilled doctors and nurses that provide the best care possible.

- Dr. Xemnas
- Dr. Dilan
- Dr. Braig
- Dr. Marluxia (Nicknamed lovingly by the patients as Dr. Marly)
- Dr. Aeus

They are all well trained doctors in both the regular medical field as well as the psychological field. They help a range of patients battling both physical and mental illnesses. They are devoted to helping each and every one get better. We look forward to helping you soon.

I ran down the hall. Why was he chasing me again? He liked his doctor, that was always obvious no matter how much he denied it. So why did he come after me?

"Come here Isa!" He yelled chasing me down the empty corridor until he had me trapped. I looked for somewhere I could go but, there was nowhere. The door was locked and the windows were barred. "Isa! I'm not going to hurt you you're my little brother!" He called to me pushing me into the corner. I shook my head no vigorously, I'm not his little brother.

I'm Zexion, not Isa and there was no way in hell I was related to this nut job.

"Saix. What are you doing?" A voice boomed down the empty hallway, I recognized it to be Dr. Dilan's voice. "Leave Zexion alone." The Doctor came over to Saix and I pushing the older boy away from me. "He is not Isa. Why don't you understand?" Dilan sighed leading me away from him. "Stay away from Saix, Zexion. His medicines haven't taken their effect yet so he's unstable."

I nodded as we went back to my empty room. My last roommate had been released once he regained all of his memory so I would be alone until the next day when they were scheduled to arrive. I hoped that they wouldn't be as annoying as my previous roommates had been. Always screaming and crying in their sleep or complaining about their families.

I hated them. I hated anyone who came near me. They all used me. All of them.

"Get some sleep. You're roommate will be here tomorrow bright and early. Your wake up call is still at. . ." He looked at the clip board on my door. "Seven o'clock."

I shook my head no and held up eight fingers mouthing the word 'o'clock'. He smirked.

"Oh you got me. It is eight o'clock. Good night Zexion." I heard the lock click and his foot steps walking away from me. I pulled a chair over to the door and peaked out of the barred window on my door to see the same scene as the night before. A nurse patrolling the halls(Where was she when I needed her?) the only light to be seen is the one from her flashlight and the moon. Jumping down from the chair I went over to my window and pulled back the dark blue curtains. The moon and stars were beautiful tonight that was the reason I sneaked out of my room. You can see them better from the rec room so I picked the lock and got out but I wasn't expecting Saix to be there as well. What he was doing there I'm not quite sure but he thought I was Isa and started chasing me. He's convinced that I'm his little brother. I'm not though. I don't have a family any more. . .I don't have anyone. . .I'm alone and I'll be stuck here for the rest of my life. This is the one thing I know to be true.

'Where am I?' I wondered. It was pitch black and I could feel something laying on top of me. I reached for it only to find that there was something soft. It was hair. The thing lying on my chest stirred and I realized that it was a boy laying on me.

"Good morning Sora." He murmured pressing a soft kiss to my lips. I quickly pushed him off of me and tried to wiggle my way out.

"Who are you?" My voice quivered slightly. How long was I out for?

"Sora? You don't remember? I'm Riku."

"I'm Roxas." I cursed internally at Sora. What had he done!

"You told me last night that you were Sora. Were you just fucking with me then?" He seemed more than a little pissed, there was an edge of hurt to his voice as well.

"Wait what!" I nearly screeched. "What did we do?" The guy reached over and clicked on a lamp letting the light flood over his silver hair. His aquamarine eyes connected with mine and I felt my heart stop for a second. He was really handsome. Sora sure knew how to pick them.

"We didn't do anything but make out. . . You don't remember?" This time he looked really hurt.

"I'm sorry but I don't think Sora explained anything to you."

"What didn't he explain?" Riku propped himself up on his elbows so he wasn't laying on me anymore. I sighed scooted as far away from him as I could.

"I have dissociative personality disorder. Pretty much multiple personalities." I said slowly. "You met Sora last night. He is fragment of my personality. . ." Avoiding eye contact with him I slipped out of the bed, squeaking when I realized that I had no pants on. Only my boxers were there and I blushed out of embarrassment. "Could you turn around for a second please?" I asked the silver haired teen wrapping the sheet around my half naked frame.

"S-Sure. . ." He followed my request and turned his back to me. "So you didn't mean what you said last night?" I slipped my clothes on quickly and turned back to Riku.

"What did I say?"

"That you really liked me." He paused like he was going to say more but stopped himself. "That you wanted to see me again." He said sadly.

"Well I don't know about that. I mean I just met you but you seem like a nice guy." I blushed a light pink. 'And handsome to boot.' I added in my head. *'Handsome? More like gorgeous!'* Sora commented. I shushed him and brought my attention back to Riku. He had a small smile on his face.

"I'll take that. So. . . Roxas? What would you like to do now?" The silver haired teen smiled. I opened my mouth to say go home when my stomach growled loudly. I flushed a deep scarlet and Riku chuckled. "Breakfast?"

I nodded as he stood up and went to the door. I realized as I walked with him to the kitchen that I couldn't go home yet. Mom would throw me back in the hospital and Dad. . . He wouldn't even answer the door for me. Riku surprised me as he cooked breakfast really fast. He was rushing out the door soon enough telling me he was late for school.

"Make yourself at home Roxas! There's nothing to steal so I trust you!" Riku laughed as he locked the door. I sat myself down on a stool at the counter and just waited for a while. I didn't move or eat the food he made, too scared of what could be in it. I didn't recognize any of the foods he used and didn't understand how he cooked it. Eventually I went and laid down on his couch to

scared to do anything else. Curled up in my sweatshirt and jeans, all I really wanted to do was sleep. Switching personalities really takes its toll. It makes me so tired to the point where some days I can't even get out of bed.

"It'd be rude to leave before he got back. . .But I have to get back. The doctors will be mad again and I can't get grounded again. That'll be the fourth time in a month. I'll get put on probation." I was musing to myself when Sora chimed in to give his opinion.

'He's really nice Roxas! You'll like him I know you will!' Sora said trying to convince me to stay.

"I can't have the doctors mad at me again Sora. They are so close to kicking me out then where will I go? Mom won't let me come home and Dad hates me still."

'We can stay here with Riku! He likes us and he doesn't mind that we have more personalities. Come on Roxas!' Sora whined and pleaded.

"I don't even know him Sora! I can't impose on him." I tried to reason with him but fighting with myself isn't always an easy thing to do. I huffed and went to the nearest mirror, which happened to be the in the bathroom, and looked myself in the eye. I could see Sora reflected back where I should be. He wore the same clothes I did and his hair was all messed up like mine but it was chocolate brown. Our eyes are the same color but what can be seen in them is different. When you look into my eyes you see the helpless little child I became. When you look into Sora's. . .You see the strong and confident man he became. All in all we are completely different personalities.

'He likes you Roxas. Think about your happiness for once instead of trying to make mom and dad happy. They don't matter anymore Rox, there's only us.' Sora huffed crossing his arms.

"I want to see them again Sora. I miss them." I said biting my lip. "I want to see my little sister and my brother. I want to see my parents Sora."

'Why? I protected you from them. They don't matter, they are horrible people.' Sora muttered. He looked away from and my eyes shot up to him. He looked guilty.

"What do you mean? Sora what are you hiding from me?" I asked slamming my hands on the mirror where his shoulders would be.

'I'm not going to tell you Roxas I'm protecting you. I want you to be happy and you're going to be happy with Riku. You can't go back to your family because they will only hurt you. I won't let you go back to them Roxas.' Sora said looking me in the eye with a stubborn look in them.

"They are the only people I have left in my life Sora. I won't lose them too! I can't stay in that hospital all my life."

'You won't be there all your life. Someday we will become one again but until then I'm going to protect you and make you happy. You cannot go home.' I balled up my fist and pulled my arm back punching the mirror crying out when it cracked.

"Damn it Sora! Give me my memories!" I shouted cradling my injured fist. "This isn't fair! I should be able to have my memories!"

'You're not ready yet Roxas. Another day.' Sora said as he disappeared from the cracked mirror. I curled up on the floor and tried to pull out the shards stuck in my fist. I stayed there until Riku came home.

That damn light. Why couldn't that fucker sleep with the curtains shut? "Shut the curtains you moron." I groaned as I flipped over to look at my clock that read five am. "It's too fucking early to be awake."

"Get over it and close them yourself." The jerk groaned back to me through his pillow. "I can't get out of bed."

"Like hell you can't asshole. Get off your lazy ass and shut the fucking curtains!"

"I. Can't. Axel." I heard a rattling sound as he kicked his feet and realized what he meant now. He got chained down last night. Getting chained down here at the Institute meant one thing. You were in trouble. It meant that they didn't trust you enough to let you sleep freely at night. They attached restraints to your ankles when you go to bed so you can't get out of your room.

The Institute had has a four step punishment system for when you fuck up.

Step one: chained down until they deem you trustworthy again. It usually lasts about two weeks if you're good. If you screw up again you get moved on to step two: Full restraints all night, again until they deem you trustworthy. Push them again and you get step three: 24 hour watch where someone follows you wherever you go. If you seriously fuck it up. . .Step four: Isolation. You get put in a padded cell for a week. If you fight against them at anytime during step four they'll sedate you and add an extra day each time they have to sedate you. All in all it's pretty tough here.

I let out a sigh and got up to shut the curtains finally. The room was flooded with darkness and that was how I liked it. That was how we both liked it, it's part of the reason why we were civil with each other. A mutual agreement on something.

"What did you do last night that got you chained?" Finally the blue haired guy looked at me. His golden eyes looked tired and a little sad perhaps? I wasn't entirely sure. You had to do something pretty bad to get chained down though and I was interested to find out.

"I went out to the rec room last night-"

"Again? What is it with you and that damn room?"

"As I was saying," He glared at me as I walked back to my bed plopping down on my red comforter.

"I went out and I saw Isa. . .I went to get him and he ran away from me. So I chased him but Dilan caught me." He spit the name out like it was dirt. I never understood Saix's hatred for Dr. Dilan but I never questioned him on it. "He found me after taking Isa to his room and chained me down." Saix let out frustrated sigh before falling face first into his pillow.

"Isa. . .You mean Zexion don't you?" He shook his head into the pillow. "Isa isn't real dumbass. Figure that out already." I flipped over nuzzling into my pillow hoping to just go to sleep then.

"You know it's a good thing that I'm chained down. . .otherwise I might just be beating you to a pulp right now." His voice never held a threatening tone to it. It was always monotone but the way he said it made it even more. . .well threatening. Even when it was muffled into a pillow.

"Bite me."

"Did that remember."

"Fuck you." I spat.

"You already did."

"Oh fuck me, jus-" I groaned. There was no winning with him!

"Did that too."

"Just go to sleep asshole."

"Gladly." I heard the rustling of sheets and knew that was the end of it. Our little spats always went like that. I'd insult him and he'd retort back with a witty response, sometimes I regretted doing that shit with him. Can't undo the past though and we all have to live with our choices. All of them. . .And Saix was one of them.

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